

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor

GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, In Memoriam



Volume XXVIII

July, 1951

Number 4

JAMES BRADLEY-GRIFFIN

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

JAMES BRADLEY-GRIFFIN was born and christened James Hemetson Griffin, in Bradford, England, on June 29, 1901. He was the son of Dr. and Mrs. G. H. Griffin, who lived in Bloomsbury, in London, England. He also had a twin sister, Kathryn, and a brother, Hamilton, who survive him.

Dr. Griffin met James' mother in Chicago, where they were married, later returning to England. Dr. Griffin was a well-known physician and most successful in his practice. They had a lovely home in London where the children had their youth.

Jim and Kathryn were in a private school at Sudbury-on-Thames when their father passed on at his breakfast table, after receiving a cablegram from Australia that all of his investments there were wiped out. The mother returned to Chicago with her three children. The twins were then seven years of age. It was a little later, through a mutual friend who recognized the artistic ability of the twins, that Dr. and Mrs. Bradley met them for the first time.

The older brother, Hamilton, took his naval training and entered the first World War as an Ensign, remaining

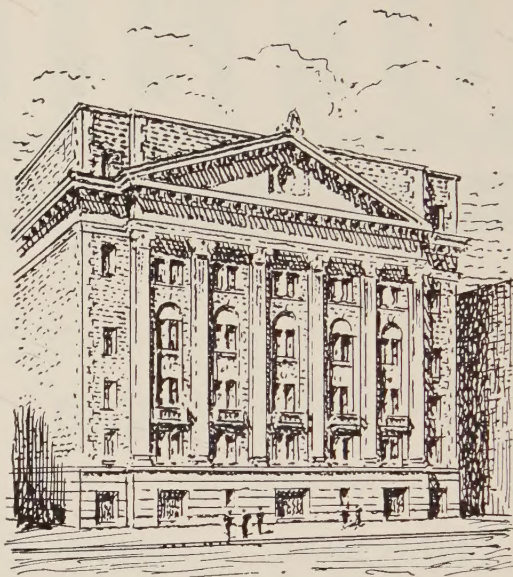
in Merchant Marine at the close of the war, where he spent several years at sea, returning to the United States and becoming associated with the United States Engineers in the building of the Mississippi River dams.

The twins entered and were graduated from Lake View High School. During their high school days Jim took an active part in the musical and dramatic activities of the school, having the leads in all of the school operas and other musical events.

From Lake View High School he entered the School of Speech, Northwestern University and after his course there he entered Beloit College. It was while he was in Beloit College that the idea of having a group of Players in The Peoples Church of Chicago originated. He became the first Director of the group and remained their Director throughout the rest of his career.

His mother died in Dr. Bradley's home some years ago. His twin sister, Kathryn, married and is now Mrs. K. Brokowski, residing in Miami Beach, Florida.

He became one of the best known directors in the Little Theatre Movement in this country and many people who achieved prominence in the theatre



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO
Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

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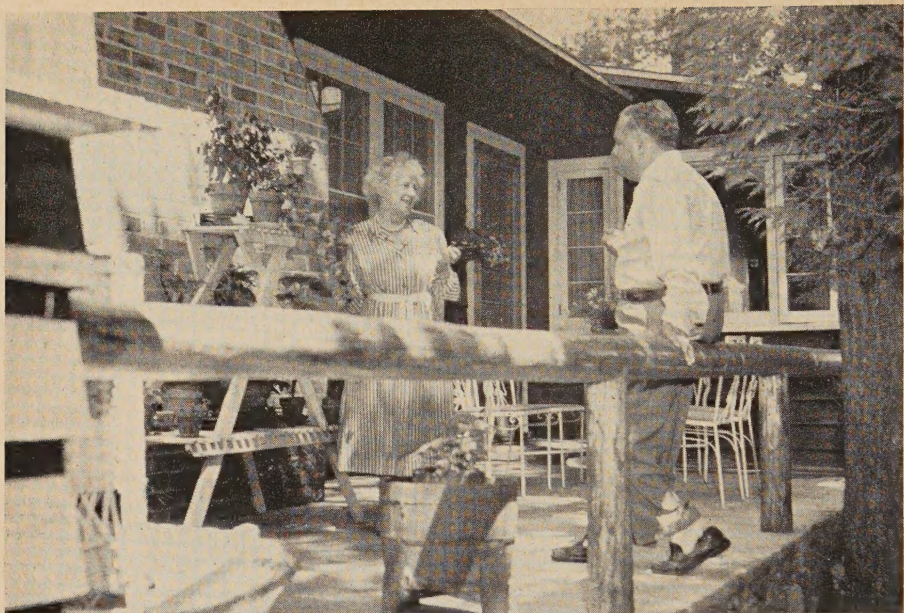
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**Mrs. Bradley and James on the patio at her Arden Lodge home,
Lake Vermilion, Tower, Minnesota.**

started with him and received their first training under his direction.

He had several opportunities to go to Hollywood as a Director, but the professional stage and professional directing never appealed to him. He was always much more interested in creating an opportunity for others.

For many years he has given recitals and concerts. He has appeared in Orchestra Hall in recital, twice in the White House and in Town Hall, New York. He has appeared before the women's clubs in the Illinois Federation and in the National Federation, and was in constant demand as a concert recitalist.

His last public appearance in church was on Mother's Day, when he read Edna St. Vincent Millet's beautiful poem, "The Ballad of the Harp Weaver." The last play in which he appeared was on Friday evening, May 18th, when The Players did "Detective Story" for a large audience in Rock-

ford, Illinois. His last concert was Sunday evening, May 20th, when he gave, with Miss Connie Stephens and Miss Mary Clarke, a recital of "Carousel."

He left, immediately after the recital, for Duluth, Minnesota, on his way to Black Duck Island in Lake Vermilion, Tower, Minnesota, where he had spent many summers. He arrived at the Island on Tuesday, May 22nd. Friday, May 25th, he complained of not feeling too well, but had worked in his garden during the day and was at the piano, playing and singing, for over two hours. Saturday morning, May 26th, at four o'clock, he was taken with a hemorrhage of the esophagus and left immediately for the Virginia Municipal Hospital, in Virginia, Minnesota, thirty-two miles away. As he left the Island he said to those on the dock, "I'll be back this afternoon. I don't think this is very serious." On the way to the hospital

he wanted to return to the Island. On entering the hospital, transfusions were immediately given, but at three o'clock on Saturday afternoon, May 26th, he breathed his last.

Dr. Bradley was immediately notified and left Saturday evening with his sister, Mrs. Beulah Bradley Judson, of Linden, Michigan, for Virginia, bringing Jim back to Chicago Sunday evening. He rested at Lain's Chapel until he was taken to the church Tuesday, May 29th, where his service was held at 2:00 p.m. That evening he was taken to Dr. Bradley's family lot in his old home town, of Linden, Michigan, and laid to rest by the side of Mrs. Bradley, whom he loved deeply and who loved him.

Just a few days before leaving for the lake he had spent several days at Linden, Michigan, planting some cedar trees on the family lot, and saying that that was where he wanted to rest. Services were held in Linden on Memorial Day at eleven in the morning.

The day of his death he sent a telegram to The Players who were playing that evening at the Eleventh Street Theatre in Chicago, but, as he would have it, the play went on and although The Players were playing with broken hearts they did it as a tribute to their Founder-Director who, but a few hours before, had sent them a message.

He leaves three cousins in Chicago, Miss Loretta Heman, of Chicago, Mrs. Theodore Heman and Mrs. Thorlief Thorhaug.

At the funeral services in Chicago more than 1200 people were present, including the Mayor of the City and various representatives of the culture and civic life of the city.

The services were conducted by a lifelong friend, Reverend Dr. Morriston J. Thomas, of the Ravenswood Congregational Church, who also had the services for Mrs. Bradley just a year previous. Jim died on the first anniversary of Mrs. Bradley's death.

The Uptown Players were awarded the Chicago Foundation for Literature Award for their contribution to the cultural life of Chicago and they also won the Edith Rockefeller McCormick cup over all the other Little Theatre groups in the city for their excellency.

* * *

Regarding Jimmie, whom Lake Geneva will never forget.

Eternity's a breath away,

And he's no farther than a thought.

Heartbeats could never measure out

The timeless good his talent wrought.

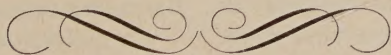
Thanks—from a whole remembering town,

And countless friends his talent made.

Such genius meets the loving God

Familiarly—and unafraid.

Alice Hackett



FUNERAL SERVICE FOR JAMES BRADLEY-GRIFFIN

(Held at The Peoples Church, May 29, 1951)

Officiating: Rev Morriston J. Thomas,
D.D.; D.Litt., Pastor of the First
Congregational Church of Ravens-
wood, and an old family friend.

The ancient Greeks believed that a man's spirit was earthbound until due obsequies had been concluded upon his body. We do not believe that, but I have a quaint fancy that sometimes I express, that there is a heavenly balcony; "magic casements opening upon the foam of perilous seas in fairy lands forlorn"; and I should like to summon Jimmie's spirit to some magic casement that he may be, as possibly he is, present at this service; and if he is, I have to be very careful what I say about him. And I address two or three small poems for my scripture, in addition to a few verses:

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall
not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green
pastures: he leadeth me beside the still
waters.

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me
in the paths of righteousness for his
name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the val-
ley of the shadow of death, I will fear
no evil: because thou art with me.

* * *

Let not your heart be troubled: ye
believe in God, ye believe also in me.

In my Father's house are many rest-
ing places: if it were not so I would
have told you, because I go to prepare
a place for you.

And if I go and prepare a place for
you I will come again and take you

unto myself; that where I am, there
ye may be also.

* * *

And now abideth faith, hope, love,
these three; and the greatest of these
is love.

* * *

Like as the waves make toward the
pebbled shore,

So do our moments hasten to their
end;

Each changing place with that which
goes before

In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main of light,

Crawls to maturity, wherewith being
crowned

Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time that gave doth now his gift
confound.

Time doth transfix the flourish set on
youth

And delves the parallels in beauty's
brow,

Feeds on the rarities of Nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe
to mow.

* * *

Sunset and evening star,

And one clear call for me!

And may there be no moaning of the
bar,

When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,

When that which drew from out the
boundless deep

Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!

And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time
and Place

The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

* * *

Preston, do you remember the day you and I went to Frank Gunsaulus's funeral? We drove down, parked in front of the church. There were fewer cars in the city at that time than now. And immediately a taxi drove up and out of this taxi emerged that great man, Graham Taylor.

He shook hands with you and me, and then breathlessly told us "B. L. T. died a few minutes ago."

Not all of you perhaps remember B. L. T., one of the most scintillating columnists this country has ever known. The following day, in his "Line O' Type or Two," the last thing he wrote, that which he wrote on his deathbed, was published, and I am going to recite it to you now:

When the sun of life is low,
When the dewy shadows creep,
Say for me before I go
Now I lay me down to sleep.

Nothing more to doubt or dare,
Nothing more to give or keep,
Say for me the children's prayer,
Now I lay me down to sleep.

Who hath learned along the way,
Primrose path or stony steep,
More of wisdom than to say
Now I lay me down to sleep.

What have you more wide to tell,
When the shadows round me creep,
All is over, all is well,
Now I lay me down to sleep.

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

* * *

When Jimmie was in his 'teens, one time when he was at our house, he came across the street with me to the drugstore. We spent a little time there and next day when I was over there alone, George Miller, the pharmacist, said to me, "Who was that boy with you here yesterday?" I said, "That was Jimmie Bradley-Griffin." "Well," he said, "during the years I have been here, thousands of boys and men have come and left through that door, but never in my life have I known anybody with such a striking personality."

What was said of him then has been exemplified in all the years of his life. Wherever you found Jimmie he was the center of attraction. There was a certain luminousness to him; a certain magnetic friendliness, even in the company of his distinguished father. Nothing could eclipse the personal appeal and attractiveness of Jimmie Bradley.

It is a pleasure to recount what one knows about him: of how he and Gwynfa had the lead in those celebrated grand operas of Lakeview High School; how he and Gwynfa and Mary Frances one year had the triple leads in one of those grand operas which Mrs. Smith could present so masterfully.

I doubt if there has been any boy in Lakeview who elicited more affection and more regard from teachers and pupils alike than Jimmie. And he and Gwynfa went up to Northwestern and there life was one grand song.

Only today I was told about a funeral service Dr. Bradley had on the South Side and he was very anxious that Jimmie and Gwynfa sing there. They went down and one of the numbers requested of them was "Beautiful

Isle of Somewhere." Well, they started and then the organ gave out. Either somebody turned off the switch in the basement or whatever was the reason, the organ played out, and those two youngsters looked at one another and looked at Dr. Bradley and it was all they could do to keep straight faces. They looked at him and he was doing the best he could too, and there was an element of the grotesque in the formal funeral upon which none had calculated.

Jimmie I think contributed more fun to life than the average six young men. There was a keen sense of the grotesque and incongruous in him, and I am sure that all of us here know that wherever he was the place was the better for his presence. Joy and laughter and gladness radiated from him and he elicited that from his friends.

Oh, what he did for us up at the Island. I remember one time there was a party of us out in Dr. Bradley's boat, the "Arden." Dr. Bradley was, as Grace used to say, "a born navigator," and he knows the Lake like a book. On this particular occasion there were aboard the "Arden" Dr. and Mrs. Bradley, Dr. and Mrs. Argow, the Thomases, Jimmy and Gwynfa and Mary Frances. The skipper was relating a story about an old lake captain of the sixties and seventies plying between Tower and Gold Island. He was boasting that he knew every rock and reef in the entire area of Lake Vermilion, and just then to his great embarrassment his boat struck a rock. Whereupon he blithely observed—"That's one of them now." Ironically enough, Dr. Bradley had hardly finished the story of the old captain when the "Arden" hit a rock and immediately she was as helpless as a baby floating on a raft. Whereupon Jimmy

disappeared into the cabin and returned in swimming trunks and armed with a hammer and a pair of pliers. He went over the stern of that boat, down into the water. He was a skillful swimmer and a fine diver. And we heard the hammer, and in about a minute (it seemed to have been five) up he came and then he asked for the pliers and went down again and used the pliers on that brass wheel, and when he emerged above the surface again he said, "Dad, I think she will go now," and she did, and we got home in good time; which is an exemplification of the manifold ingenuity of this boy. That was characteristic of him. Once in a while he achieved the impossible. Most of the time he was busy doing the possible.

What he has learned in songs and in poetry is simply a load of glorious immensity. His soul was rich with the most opulent pieces of English literature ever written. I suppose he must have given a thousand recitals in these years since he left Northwestern University and he had his own way of reciting and always it was a pleasant and profitable thing to listen to him.

Sometimes when we were going in a car Jimmie would start a song, "Travelling along singing a song, side by side."

His creative talent I think was most obvious in the organization and the support of The Uptown Players, an organization which has distinguished itself in lo, these many years. I used to think that probably Jimmie was as essential to The Uptown Players as his father is to this pulpit. I don't know, but that is the way I think about it now. He gave an excellent account of himself in that direction.

There was something radiant about Jimmie. He was the soul of the feast. How he could rattle the keys of that

piano up on the lake. How he could gather 'round him people who loved to sing. Dynamic, impressive, lovable!

I am thinking today of the story of David Grey of Glasgow. He died quite young. He was a rising poet. Glasgow is becoming more and more fond of this young poet. And someone asked David Grey the day before he died, how he felt about leaving this scene, and he said "I don't mind it except for two things. I have never stood under the blue skies of Italy and I have never sung my best song." I

think this may be said of Jimmie Bradley-Griffin—skies which he might have stood under in the next twenty-five years he will never see; songs in his soul to which he had never yet been able to give expression. It is simply another way of saying that this life of ours is incomplete and must be supplemented under other skies and under more enduring conditions.

"Jimmie, at that casement, we salute you with joy and gratitude for all you have been to us. So long! We'll be seeing you!"

JAMES BRADLEY-GRIFFIN

A TRIBUTE

On Saturday morning at 8:30, May 26th, I was seated at my Study desk. A busy day was before me. I knew it would be a difficult day, because just one year ago Mrs. Bradley had passed on.

Jimmie had left for the Lake after his concert in Waukegan the Sunday evening before. As he bade me good-bye at the elevator door he said "I will call you on Tuesday and again on Saturday. I know Saturday will be a day of memories and I shall want to talk to you." He called me on his way to our little Island Home on Tuesday from Duluth.

On Saturday I was waiting for his call, because I knew he would call early before I had left for the work of the day. The phone rang and a voice said "Virginia, Minnesota, is calling." The next voice I heard was that of Ray Landmark who, with Mrs. Landmark, has been taking care of our island for several years.

Ray said to me "I have some bad news for you, Doctor. I have brought Jimmie in to the hospital at Virginia;

but," he said, "he is in good spirits, so don't worry, but I wanted to call you. You had better call the Doctor."

Immediately after this conversation I called Dr. Reed at the hospital. The Doctor said "Jimmie is quite ill." I said, "Should I come at once, Doctor?" and he said "No, that will not be necessary, but I would get ready and come." I said "Tomorrow is Sunday. We have our Memorial Service both at the church and cemetery. I will leave tomorrow night. Tell Jimmie I will be at the hospital Monday morning and for him not to worry."

I talked again to Ray Landmark and Ray said that Jimmie had asked for some reading material and told him that I should not have been disturbed, because he would be all right, but he would be glad to see me. At 11 o'clock he asked to phone me from the hospital. There was no phone in his room and he insisted that he walk down the hall to a phone. This, Dr. Reed thought, would be unwise.

I told Ray to call me at five o'clock, before he left for the Island, which is

about thirty miles away. He had told Jimmie that he had talked to me and Jimmie seemed in unusually good spirits. He sent a telegram from his sickbed to The Players, who were playing that night. I had a wedding at one o'clock and after the wedding I prepared for Sunday morning service and planned to leave Chicago Sunday evening.

At quarter after three, as I sat at my desk, the phone rang again and Dr. Reed, at the Virginia Hospital, said "I have some very sad news for you, Doctor. Jimmie has just slipped away." No one realized it would be so sudden, least of all myself.

As he left the Island that morning he waved back and said to those on the dock, "I'll be back this afternoon." He was planning to return to Chicago for a play and then go back to the Island and have it ready for me when I was to arrive, with our little dog "Skipper."

At five minutes of three he turned to the nurse and said, "I am making you a lot of trouble. I'm sorry—" and it was over! He was thoughtful of others to the last moment of his life.

I left immediately and arrived in Virginia on Sunday, brought him back that night to Chicago where, at Lain's North Side Chapel, from two o'clock on Monday afternoon until the services were finished at two o'clock on Tuesday in the Church, hundreds of friends, those who had known him and worked with him, came to say goodbye.

He didn't realize that he was seriously ill, but had he known he would not have been afraid. We have talked frequently about that, and particularly after losing Mother; and I know that he would "greet the unseen with a cheer."

Jimmie came into our lives thirty-five years ago and never went out. All through his High School and College

days he was a source of great happiness, and as he took up his chosen work and devoted his entire lifetime to it, he revealed those many attributes and qualities which endeared him to all who knew him.

Possessing an unusually creative temperament he found it difficult at times to understand the attitude of people who were not as sensitive and appreciative as himself. Mother and I had nothing but love and devotion and co-operation all through these years. Jimmie would never deliberately hurt anyone. His kindly instincts understood all gentle courtesies. He was no respecter of persons. The most humble were treated with the same graciousness as the more fortunate.

I have never known anyone with a finer understanding and appreciation of the theatre than he possessed. As a Director he was unexcelled. As an actor, the many parts which he played through the years will stand out vividly in the minds of all who saw and heard him. As a recitalist of poetry and music and drama, the charm of his personality will never be forgotten.

I was amazed all through his life at the unusual memory which he possessed. He could, from the platform or with a circle of friends gathered around the fireside, read poetry for hours without referring to a text. I don't know how many plays he knew, but he possessed one of the finest memories I have ever known.

From his early days in Northwestern University when he first started his recital work and learned his first poems until his last appearance in the pulpit of the Church he loved, on Mother's Day, when he read "The Ballad of the Harp Weaver," I have never known him to falter once or to forget a word.

He was a purist in his work in the theatre. He wanted everything to be

authentic; every prop in every play he wanted genuine.

I have shared with him the experience of attending many plays in the legitimate theatre and his criticisms and reactions were always justified and valid. He knew the theatre, all of it, as few people do, and there was no greater happiness for him than seeing someone begin at the beginning in the theatre and watch their unfoldment and development under his guidance and tutelage.

He loved music, too, and played his own accompaniments in many programs; while many times on a cool summer evening in Northern Minnesota, we would all sit around a friendly little fire and Jimmie would play the whole evening through, any song that anyone would suggest. He knew them all.

He loved the outdoors from early youth. He was an excellent swimmer and on more than one occasion during the many happy summers in Lake Vermilion, which he loved, he has met emergencies in diving for lost tackle off the docks, cameras that went overboard, propeller blades that got twisted on a rock. He loved the water and was perfectly at home in it. He loved to skate and thoroughly enjoyed the ice-skating shows which came to Chicago during the winter. He was a good golfer too, and had his golf clubs with him when he drove to the Lake for the last time.

As I sit here at my desk, two weeks from the day of his leaving us, I realize how impossible it is to put into words and sentences all of the fine qualities of Jimmie.

There have been over a thousand letters these past two weeks from people who knew him, and almost every one gives some incident reflecting his kindness, his consideration and love to them; but, with all of his fine qual-

ities, his vital, buoyant enthusiasm for life, you could only really know Jimmie knowing him as Mother and I knew him, in the intimacies of home during these past thirty-five years. It is here where I shall miss him most of all. He never went to bed without saying "Good-night, Dad, and God bless you." And wherever I was in the United States, near or far, there was always a telephone call to know if I was all right.

He loved his home and we were a whole year after Mother's leaving trying to decide what to do. Her room is just as she left it, and were she to return today she would say "Well, I haven't been away, have I?" And now there is another room, just as he left it that happy Sunday when, with eyes lit with laughter and the smile which was always there, he said "Goodbye, Dad, I'll be seeing you soon."

I wonder if you would think me prejudiced, if I should use the word in describing him, which might seem extravagant, but to me it isn't. There is only one word I think of when I think of him, and that is the word "genius." He was a genius and he burned his life out too early by his restlessness to bring to the world beauty everywhere.

I have never known such boundless vitality, such limitless energy. His fine mind, his expressive and unusual hands, the laughter of his brilliant, sparkling eyes, the golden tone of his unmatched voice all belong to one who had been endowed with a great soul and a noble heart.

He always spared the feelings of others and I have never known him to utter one word which would wound the heart of another.

His sympathy for weakness, his patience when misunderstood, were attributes too seldom seen in the lives of

people. When his friends or loved ones were ill, his first thought was to send them some flowers and then to go and see them. His ears and his heart were always open to those who were in trouble or in sorrow.

I make no apology for the superlatives which I am using in talking about Jimmie—none whatever. He deserves them all and they are all true.

I shall miss him, miss him perhaps more than anyone knows; but I shall go on living out the rest of life which is allotted to me with memories of a devotion and a friendship and a love which, when united with the love which I had from my beloved wife, have left me with a life enriched, ennobled and deepened. It is a beautiful thing to have been loved by two people so unselfishly, so nobly as I have been. Some of that love I shall try to give to those who come within the sphere

of my work as an appreciation and gratitude for having had it.

Jimmie and Mother live. I can see them together now as I have so often in the past, working in their garden, for they both loved growing things and were devoted to their garden. They are together now in a celestial garden where the flowers never wither, their perfume never vanishes, and the beauty of their petals never fades or tarnishes.

My little dog "Skippy," whom they both loved, and I will go on together until we, too, come to the end of the trail and ring the gong on the end of the dock. And out from the little Island they will come for us, and together we will go singing and sailing home.

"And there shall be no more tears, and no more sighing, and no more death."

So, wait for me, Mommy and Jimmie, I'll be along one of these days.

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE

JUNE 3, 1951

IN THE PEOPLES CHURCH

941 Lawrence Avenue

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

On this Outdoor Sunday, when nature is so lavish with beauty, with her many moods, I have chosen to read as our reading of the morning, some selections which I have made from John Galsworthy:

The stars are lit forever!

The land and sky are like a symphony of great music, or the nobility of a stupendous mind laid bare.

Through all the black wide night of stars our souls shall touch the sky in God's own quietude of things, and gain brief freedom from this clutch of life's encompassings.

It is God up there in his many moods.

The spirit goes forth a little, enters the harmony of things, and drinks the magic of the world;

(And is) happy and quiet, like the stars and the birds.

Surely the spirit of the world is in the birds and the clouds.

And in the flowers and trees that are never restless.

If the mountains cannot teach us, and the wide night skies above them, sparkling with other worlds, then nothing will.

For on mountains and beneath such skies man feels at his greatest, flies forth in fancy and dreams of nobility.

All things in the universe, which

have an individual shape, are fit expressions of the separate moods of a great underlying Mood or Principle.

And the old words good and evil seem more than ever quaint.

(For) in a savage, slinking shadow I know that I behold a manifestation of divinity no less than in the smile of the sky, each minute growing more starry.

What secret, marvellous, all pervading Principle can harmonize these things?

No more are life and death apart!
No more the winter longs for June!
It still is night and yet is day!
O magic dream of God revealed; O
utter mystery unsealed!

* * *

And I turn for the poem to this great poem of our own American poet, John Greenleaf Whittier: "The Eternal Goodness."

Immortal Love, forever full, forever
flowing free;
Forever shared, forever whole, a never-
ebbing sea!
Hush every lip, close every book, the
strife of tongues forbear;
Why forward reach, or backward look,
for love that clasps like air?

Death comes, life goes; the asking eye
and ear are answerless;
The grave is dumb, the hollow sky is
sad with silentness.
The letter fails, and systems fall, and
every symbol wanes;
The spirit, over-brooding all, Eternal
Love remains.

Who fathoms the Eternal Thought?
Who talks of scheme and plan?
The Lord is God! He needeth not the
poor device of man.
I bow my forehead to the dust, I veil
mine eyes in shame,

And urge, in trembling self-distrust, a
prayer without a claim.

I see the wrong that round me lies, I
feel the guilt within;
I hear, with groan and travail cries,
the world confess its sin.
Yet in the maddening maze of things,
and tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed trust my spirit clings; I
know that God is good!

The wrong that pains my soul below,
I dare not throne above;
I know not of his hate—I know his
goodness and his love.
I dimly guess from blessings known,
of greater out of sight,
And with the chastened Psalmist, own
his judgments all are right.

I long for household voices gone, for
vanished smiles I long,
But God hath led my dear ones on,
and he can do no wrong.
I know not what the future hath of
marvel and surprise,
Assured alone that life and death his
mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak, to
bear an untried pain;
The bruised reed he will not break, but
strengthen and sustain.
And so beside the Silent Sea, I wait
with muffled oar;
No harm from him can come to me,
on ocean or on shore.

I know not where his islands lift their
fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift beyond his
love and care.
O Lord, our Lord, by whom are seen
thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean my
human heart on Thee!

SILENT PRAYER:

I am always in God's presence. Nearer far is He to me than all things my hands are holding or my earthly eyes can see. Closer than my breath. I find Him in a part of me as with my finite understanding. No love is so real as His. When I go into the silence, when I close the door, then I find Him, feel His nearness, sure of His omnipotence, and there is that inner chamber of myself, the truest part, I am always in God's presence through the Christ within my heart. Our silent prayer.

MEDITATION:

Dear Father, as we have lifted our hearts to Thee so many, many times in the past, filled with gratitude and love for Thine unfailing presence, so this day we life them once again. We are grateful for the eternal and the abiding peace of Thy love. Our human lips have tried to phrase the depths of our hearts' feelings so often and so inadequately. But we are grateful that Thou dost not require perfection of speech; that Thou dost not require us to meet the standards of men but that Thou canst journey right into our hearts and into our lives and with Thy understanding and Thy love support and strengthen us.

How can we ever repay Thee? How can we ever return to Thee any part of what Thy presence means to us? We shall try. We shall try to do our best. And we are so grateful that no experience of earth can ever keep from our hearts Thy divine presence. We are grateful, Dear Heart of Love.

How Thy heart must be broken when Thou lookst down upon this beautiful world this day. Sky enough for everyone. Love enough, oceans and mountains and land enough; iron enough, coal enough, oil enough, gold enough. Thou with Thy lavishness

gave man so much, and we have despoiled it by our greed, our selfishness, our ambition, our pride, until we are a broken world today, a world of torture and of pain.

Thou didst do Thy part. O, God, teach us how to do our part. Let us stop asking ourselves in the deliberations of men, in the society of nations, in the Halls of Congress, everywhere in our world let us stop asking ourselves the question "Who is right?" and let us ask the greater question "What is right?" It is not *who*, now, it is *what* is right.

O, God, in Thy infinite love, thou who plumbed the depths of suffering and who dost understand all pain and anguish, comfort the sorrowing today, the fathers and mothers of the world, the fathers and mothers of America, yes, the fathers and mothers of every nation on earth who are seeing their sons who had every right to live, walk out in the agony of this useless institution that men are depending upon, called war. O, God, comfort every sorrowing father, every broken-hearted mother, and every loved one everywhere. Help us to find, Oh, help us to find the better way.

Linger lovingly and tenderly by all who are ill. Might Thy presence bring healing, if healing is within the province of Thy plan; if it is not, give us courage to go on with life, with memories that bless and burn but will grow more beautiful as the shadows lengthen and deepen for us. Look with pity upon our failures, our wrong-doings. Cleanse us with Thine immortal love, and from each of our hearts and all the hearts of the world this day, may we say with the poet "The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth, and He shall reign forever and forever." And as our loved ones look down upon us in this moment and participate with us in the beauty of our worship, might

they go winging on into the heart of Thy divine love which holds us all in its embrace. In the spirit of the One who touched every broken life with healing, who washed away every sin, who is the companion and the friend of our lives, who knew and understood, in His name we pray.

SERMON

"GOD—INDOORS AND OUT"

It has been our tradition here in The Peoples Church of Chicago that with the coming of springtime every year, we should devote one Sunday to cultivating more deeply an appreciation for the world of nature which surrounds us. We have followed persistently this tradition for many years. And those of you who have attended many of our Outdoor Sundays have often written to me most kindly on some of the reactions which you had from those services.

When this service was planned some weeks ago, I had hoped that it would be in the tradition and would express a deeper attitude toward the meaning of nature and our appreciation and understanding of the out-of-doors than it can possibly be. And then by some strange coincidence (and there are always so many strange coincidences—coincidences are universally strange) I put the word "God" into the subject this year. I did that several weeks ago.

I have spoken about nature heretofore in more of the philosophical and literary appreciation of nature, but somehow this winter I was led to approach it from a little different point of view. I suppose perhaps the deepening of my own experiences of life which have come to me during the past year may have inspired this approach. But rather, I thought, than talk about nature as we usually think of nature, somehow I would like to identify na-

ture with God and so quite unwittingly that I would stand here this Sunday in the spirit in which I stand, did I call the subject "God—Indoors and Out." I think perhaps the phraseology of it might have come out of my subconscious, in a way, because hanging upon my study wall at home is an autographed photograph of one of the most ardent devotees of nature I have ever known, a man who was one of the greatest pulpit voices of America, a man who came into my own life when I was fifteen years of age and a freshman in college and who remained in my life until two weeks before his death when I stood beside him at Butler University in Baldwin, Kansas. I am speaking of that incomparable genius, Bishop William Quayle.

Bishop Quayle loved nature as no man has ever loved nature, notwithstanding the penetrating appreciation of nature which men like Thoreau and men like Walt Whitman and Lincoln and Emerson had. His attitude toward nature was something quite different. He was a great and an intimate friend of John Burroughs, and John Burroughs and John Muir stand out conspicuously in American thought and American literary beauty as great examples of men who had a prevailing appreciation and a very deep understanding of nature. But John Burroughs looked at nature somewhat through the eyes of the pantheist and the theist. John Burroughs saw the fundamental quieting principles of law and order which are the basis of all nature. He understood quite scientifically the botanical aspects of nature. He understood the chemical processes of nature. He understood the laws of nature and with it he had a great aesthetic appreciation of nature. He was not merely the scientist in his attitude toward nature and in his study of living things and growing things, but

he understood the fundamental processes of natural development. But he didn't know God, and he thought of nature in terms of biological processes and of the life processes with design, with pattern, and with objective. But he didn't have a deep-seated awareness of the mystical content of nature, the law which is beyond the law, the life which is beyond life. That John Burroughs missed.

And to a certain extent, John Muir missed it too, even though John Muir knew and loved the mountains with their ruggedness and virility, yet the mystical imperative which is behind it all, something which explains the principle and the law of growth, the seed in the ground and the full blossom, he missed that; the mystical quality in the growth of a microscopic seed which can come out of the dark, warmed by the good earth, energized by sunlight, and then a mystery takes place and color and perfume and design and beauty come from the hidden heart of a little seed. They stopped there. But William Quayle went on. He had the same appreciation as did they for the seed. He had the same response for the law of growth. He had the same gratitude for the chemical principles that could transform with delicate mystery out of blackness and night, color and life. He had a response for all that. But William Quayle did not stop there. William Quayle went beyond the materialistic manifestations of natural law. William Quayle went beyond having the proper temperature, the proper quality of earth, the proper amount of sunlight, the proper moisture, yes, even the proper care. William Quayle went beyond the limitations of the material. And I was thinking about Quayle, and on my study wall hangs his photograph and he inscribed it thusly: "To my friend, Preston Bradley. My friend

indoors and out." And I suppose that that phrase somewhere got tangled in my subconscious and so when I was thinking about this Outdoor Sunday, automatically, it came to me "God—Indoors and Out. God—Indoors and Out." And I said "There is the subject."

I did not know that when I would come to this moment, I would come as I am. I did not realize it, although for a whole year I have carried in my heart the memory of one who saw beyond the material seeing and who saw beyond the materialistic laws of nature and who loved nature with its mystical beauty and delight, like one touched with the approval of the God of beauty. But how appropriate it is—God indoors and out. And one day when Bishop Quayle was talking to a group of nature lovers and those who had a deep appreciation of nature, one of the group said to him "Well, Bishop Quayle, what do you think about John Burroughs?" And Bishop Quayle turned to him and he said "John Burroughs. Dear, dear John Burroughs. He loved the garden but he missed the gardener!" He loved the garden but he missed the gardener.

God, indoors and out; and in all the ancient Scriptures there is no part that indicates the principle of God in nature as you will find it in the songs of the Psalmist David. I have been reading some of those psalms in these last few days, in the glory of the springtime, the fulfillment of the prophecies of winter, for spring has never failed the world yet, and it has never failed the human heart, not when you know the gardener. If you looked at the garden, in the winter, covered with snow and ice, with a remnant of the little flowers that you had loved all summer long, just twisted brown sticks nodding a requiem of forgotten love; if you stood in the midst of that

garden in the winter, you couldn't help but sense the futility of materialism; but you would know, if you knew the gardener, that although the gardener could not be seen, although the good earth was covered with snow and ice, although the colors by which they had stirred the soul were laid away and resting, yet you could hold your head lifted high, for you knew the gardener, and you knew that when the warm breath of spring returned and the earth was warmed by the coming light of God's love, that the heart of the gardener would stir and out would come the catalogues and out would come the packet of seeds, and even though wintry blasts hurled defiance at your window pane, you would feel the first warm breath of spring. You knew the gardener. You knew the gardener.

So it is with life. So it is when the false prophets of materialism and defeatism and the selfishness and greed of men create a winter for the souls of men, when hate seems so powerful, might seems so strong, force seems so potent. There are those who know the gardener, and there are those who know that one of the basic principles of all life is its indestructibility. You know the gardener when you know that; when you stand and see those who were everything in your life—everything; when you stand and see the glory and the beauty of life, through the medium of death imprisoned in cessation and rest, you don't stand beside them and say "There will never be spring again." You know the Gardener. You know how basically and tremendously wrong it would be for those souls of sensitivity and of love and of creativeness, who loved living things and who tried to woo the earth into creating beauty, just as Mother did, just as Jimmy was doing on Friday week, working in the garden; just as within a few days, com-

paratively, he stood at Mother's grave and planted cedars at the corner and fixed with hands of love her resting place, and then turning to my beloved sister, who sits in this congregation this morning and who has never left my side, he turned to her and said "Beulah, there is where Mother rests. There is where Dad will rest, and there is where I will rest, and there is where Mary will rest." But he said it with a smile. And he had the same gleam in his eyes that he had when he stood in this pulpit where I now stand and by my side on Mother's day he read as it has never been read before "The Ballad of the Harp Weaver."

They are resting there. I am here to go on as God gives me strength to go on; until He says to me to come into the garden and rest a while. The indestructibility of life! What is immortality? The sublimation, the elimination of everything ugly, of every unkind thing. Death washes clean like sunlight. And all the things that were wrong, and all the things that hurt are left behind in the purity of death. And the soul and the spirit go singing on and away in the beauty and love of God. It must be so. If it is not so, we have all been victims of a cosmic jester. If it is not so, better we had not been born. But it is so. We know the Gardener. And in the words of the psalmist "Deep calleth unto deep. Above the noise of the waterfall." And the psalmist-singer remembered that the snows of Lebanon were melting and were running down into the gorges, with melody and noise, and that the deep called unto the deep above the noise of the waterfall.

I have always loved gardens, too; not so much the well-kept, finely planned, perhaps, garden type, as the more rugged and wilder garden. Bishop Quayle had a garden, and this will disturb every lover of nature and every

true gardener who hears these words. Do you know what he did, to the consternation and disapproval of all of his neighbors? He gathered weeds from all over the United States and then took the seeds of weeds and made a garden of weeds! He walked in that garden, walked in a garden among despised weeds. And Bishop Quayle would pick a handful of them and he would say "Aren't they beautiful? Aren't they beautiful?" For the Bishop knew that a weed was only a misunderstood flower. He knew the gardener. And I believe as much as I am standing in my beloved spot and in this beloved church which to me is a sanctuary and the most sacred place in my life; I believe that when the transition which we call death comes, whether it comes as it did when we waited with broken hearts and watched it come to one a year ago and as it came to the other almost without warning—Friday afternoon on his knees in his garden, singing in the evening at his piano, Saturday morning waving from the boat to the shore of our little island saying "I'll be back this afternoon;" sitting in my study alone on Saturday morning—the telephone. I know now as I have never known how countless fathers and mothers of America are suffering. I know now as I have never known that Mr. H. G. Wells was right—"civilization must find a way to get rid of war or war will get rid of civilization." He is right.

"I'll be back this afternoon." Every beautiful thing we ever do for another, every kind word we ever speak, every little loving thoughtful thing, every handclasp, every time we reach out and try to share the burden of another, every time we do that, we build

a garden of immortality, and no good thought, no kind deed, no loving word, no sacrifice is ever lost in the economy of God. I believe we take them with us to the skies of love. Everything else we leave behind. The quarreling, no longer necessary. It is not important. We take with us the wealth of love that we have given. Can't we be a little more kind? I stand beside the dead every day of my life almost, beside someone's loved one. I have stood and I have seen unutterable grief as a son or a daughter or a wife or a husband would say "Oh, just one more moment to tell you I didn't mean it." And that moment is gone. Let us build beautiful memories.

I haven't anything but beautiful memories of my home which is no more. Let us build beautiful memories. Let's be kind, considerate, loving. Life is so short at the longest, and remember, oh, remember this, that birds only have wings because the air was first. Fish only have fins because the water was first. We only have eyes because the light was first. Back of all the laws of nature, back of all the laws of earth, we have it all because God is first. And when He walks in the cool of the garden at eventide, we know we love Him. "Though He slay me," and like the prophet of old, though he take my land, my sons, my daughters, my wife, and leave me in sackcloth and ashes, I will hold my head high and shout "Though He slay me, yet will I love Him."

When you know God like that, you can meet every sorrow and every trouble. So go right on singing, planting gardens, dreaming dreams. The infinite and eternal love which never fails will take care of our loved ones there and will sustain us here.





The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By **ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY**



ONE summer when I was privileged to be a guest at Black Duck Island in Lake Vermilion, "Gah Gah," Dr. Bradley's beautiful big German shepherd dog suddenly began to fail. We noticed that his hind legs gave out as he came down the stairs of the porch, and he slipped and slid down rather helplessly. At the end of a couple of days it was evident that poor "Gah Gah" was suffering. No one seemed to know just what to do.

Jimmie said, "I'll take 'Gah Gah' down to my cabin tonight and sort of watch over him, so he won't be alone." None of Jimmie's friends were at the Island that week and so Jimmie was alone, watching over poor "Gah Gah."

The next morning "Gah Gah" was still alive, but Jimmie said he had groaned most of the night. When it became very late Jimmie tried to go to bed and thought perhaps the dog would fall asleep, but when Jimmie would leave him, "Gah Gah" would whimper softly. Then Jimmie said he would get up and come and sit in a chair and read aloud to "Gah Gah," and the dog would become very quiet. So they spent the night.

The next morning I watched as Jimmie tried to get food into the dog's mouth and to give him water to drink. No one could have been more gentle or more kind, and I am sure that "Gah Gah" was grateful.

I shall always remember that pic-

ture. It has come to my mind many, many times since that summer day. Jimmie took "Gah Gah's" body to the mainland and buried it under a tall pine tree before Dr. Bradley should return from a nearby town, so that it might be all over when he came and he might not be made to feel so sad. While Jimmie was gone I made tidy the cabin, and thus did "Gah Gah" leave Black Duck Island.

It was at this time that I realized Jimmie's kindly nature as never before. He was so kind when it was most needed.

* * *

So many beautiful letters have come to Dr. Bradley about Jimmie that we thought our readers would like to have us share some of them.

From Mrs. L. E. McCloy, whose husband is a member of the Board of Trustees of the Church, came this lovely letter:

"To you, who have given comfort to so many, may we try to express our deep sympathy. Out of our love for you and our sincere gratitude for all you have meant to us, we could but say to each other, 'This is too much for Doctor.'

"Knowing the faith you have in the rightness of God's plan for our lives, we realize you would not be as weak as we to question, but rather would feel as you have so often quoted from Job, 'yet will I love Him.'

"However great the spiritual devel-

opment, some human frailties are common to all and provide the area in which we can attempt to share with understanding the sorrow and grief connected with the physical separation from those we love.

"Your own words have often helped us—'There is immortality in remembrance. As long as we remember with love, our dear ones are never really gone from us.'

"All whose lives he touched will remember Jimmie. A creative artist gives to the world pleasure and inspiration which is never lost. Our lives are richer for having known him. His deep regard for you and Mother Bradley was so evident and certainly will always be a comfort to you.

"It is our hope that the loving thoughts of your multitude of friends will help you through these present moments of intense and acute pain. It is at these times of trial, when we think that we cannot go on, that God gives us the strength and courage to find our way to a more stable emotional plateau, where only pleasant memories linger and retrospect brings peace.

"We will pray that the sustaining love of God will help to ease the grief and loneliness you have been called upon to bear this year last past.

Sincerely and lovingly,
Joe and Elsa McCloy."

From one who was close to The Players came this letter:

"All the family join me in extending to you the sympathy that we hope in some small measure will console you in your great loss.

"I never saw Billy so deeply grieved as he was Saturday night at the Theatre, when Mary announced the sad news.

"Years ago, when Billy first started to take lessons from Jimmie, Miss Collins, a teacher of dramatics, said that

Jimmie was the 'kindest person' she had ever met, and through the years that Bill was with him, he, too, always found him kind and considerate, as well as a great teacher and director.

"Just last week in the closet I came across Bill's blue suit which he had worn in so many plays. I had added an extra button to make it appear old-fashioned and Bill said 'Don't throw away that suit, Mother, it has sentimental value, and perhaps Jimmie would like it for some other young Player.'

"Bill had planned on attending summer school this year, but a few weeks ago he told me that if Jimmie ever went out again with the Players he would want to drop everything and go along. He never would consider going out with anyone else though. He has said many times that the most enjoyable summer he ever had was with Jimmie at Lake Geneva.

"After vacationing on Lake Vermilion last summer, and visiting your beautiful Island Home, he wanted us to buy a place up there so he could spend every summer there.

"Words at this time seem so inadequate, but I do want you to know that the dynamic personality of your son will live forever in the memory of his friends.

Very sincerely,
Lila Sargent (Mrs. S. Sargent)"

From a former President of the Professional and Business Woman's Club and of the Mary Bartelme Club of the Church:

"I was deeply shocked, on my return from Mexico, to learn of your great loss—and ours. Words won't help, but I just want to add my voice to the thousands who loved Jimmie, in telling how much we'll miss him.

"A little of him rubbed off on all of

us who knew him and we are all better for it I know.

"My deepest sympathy goes to you and my love.

Sincerely,
Ruth Kruskopf."

Frances Brandt, a famous actress who played here last in "The Dark of the Moon" and "The Silver Whistle" and who is well over 70 years of age, said this, in part, in her letter:

"Jimmie did a great deal to keep the theatre alive at a time when we desperately needed help and supporters and we owe him much. What he started will go on and on, and so in a sense he will always live on this earth. But we will miss him."

Burton Mallory, another famous character actor who played here in "Dark of the Moon" and "The Silver Whistle," wrote from New York:

"I was shocked to learn of Jimmie's passing. I can assure you that my future visits to Chicago will have for me a feeling that there is a big hole somewhere—someone very definitely missing.

"I think I rather looked on Jimmie as sort of indestructible and Chicago will never be the same to me I'm afraid. I extend to you my deepest sympathy."

Pauline Esdale, the "Nightingale of Whistlers," who went to Jimmie recently for some coaching to develop a part of her recital programs, said to me over the phone in telling how she enjoyed working with him, "Jimmie is wonderful. He brings out of you what you didn't know was in you."

B. Bristow Owsley, an old friend of Jimmie's who has written much poetry that Jimmie has read, wrote:

"Please permit me to extend to you my sincere sympathy over the loss of

your beloved Jimmie—(James Bradley-Griffin). I cannot recall anything that has concerned me more deeply than the tragic event of his passing.

"Jimmie, to me, was an inspiration. I never left his presence without feeling that I had been communing with someone from another world—a world in which sunshine and beauty reigned more supremely than in the cold, sombre, commonplace one through which I was passing.

"How fortunate I feel, when I consider that stored away in the albums of my phonograph records, in the form of Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Romeo and Juliet," "Othello," and many other shorter programs that he recorded for me, his golden voice shall ever be at my beck and call. Of all of the beautiful symphonies, operatic selections, and so forth that I have in my large collection of records, none have met with more spontaneous, enthusiastic favor than have Jimmie's enchanting recitations. They were all done in his inimitable style, and should you and your friends care to hear any of them at any time, I would be glad to arrange a little party wherein the alluring artistry of James Bradley-Griffin would live again.

"How sorry I was that I was not able to hear the beautiful tribute you paid this endearing friend last Sunday. Should you have any mimeographed copies of it available, I would cherish one deeply.

"With best wishes for your future success and happiness, and with the request that you also extend my sympathy to dear Mary, I remain,

Sincerely yours,
B. Bristow Owsley."

On June 6th, the following came from Professor Frank O'Hara, Head of the Drama Department of The University of Chicago:

"Only this afternoon did I hear about Jim, and ever since my thoughts and my heart have been sadly with you. Had I known, of course I would have been present at the service, to pay my humble homage to a young man I felt I knew so well, and one who has done so much to make our Chicago life a little richer.

"Happily, we know that much that he built will stay on as his best monument—and that his vibrant personality must always stay with us, however one may explain such a mystical reality.

"I, too, weep for Adonis.

"My affectionate brave-cheer to you, Preston.

Frank."

From Dorothy Bell Briggs, famous harpist:

"You will never know what an example of courage you were this morning for me, and thousands of other listeners. This morning I was mired down with several extremely difficult problems; but your courage—and I know you were taxed to the utmost—inspired me to carry on with strength renewed.

"To us, Jimmie's going from our lives takes something shining and splendid out of them. Everyone loved him—he was a boy with his eyes on the stars—and his memory will always stay with us.

"When Harry passed on—at that same age; 49—it was such bad weather that transportation was almost at a standstill—yet, as we entered the chapel, way out in Memorial Park, the only one I saw was our faithful friend Jimmie, just inside the door.

"Always radiantly alive, he still lives. My heart has ached for you this past week, and my thoughts have been with you—this is true of all your friends, who are legion.

"I was talking to Marie Merrell this

afternoon. She had the same experience as I this morning. She has been ill so long and was so discouraged this morning until she heard you, and it renewed her courage, too.

"You have still a great life before you, you are needed so very much. Please know that our hearts are with you. Doriss joins me in love and deepest sympathy. She feels your sorrow very keenly.

Sincerely, Dorothy."

From the United States Coast Guard, Duluth, Minn.:

"The officers and members of Lake Vermilion Flotilla 16-03 have asked me to extend to you their deepest sympathy in the loss of your son, Jim.

"We ourselves shall greatly miss his enthusiastic interest and support and shall remember with much appreciation the help he gave us during our first year.

Sincerely yours,
Mrs. George Welles, Jr., Secy."

"My heart is so full I just don't know what to say. Guess nothing much can be said to help.

"I saw Jimmie last week as he gaily stopped his car in front of my home and shook hands with me. I was hobbling along with a bad case of pleurisy and he said to hurry up and get well.

"It really is unbelievable, he was so alive in every way. I know we will always think of him that way. You were always so good and kind to him and he adored you. We do, too, Dr. Bradley. May God bless you and please accept my heart's sympathy.

Most sincerely,
Elsi L. Dynes."

From Judge and Mrs. Harry S. Fox, of Janesville, Wisconsin:

"There are no words to let you know

how much Harry and I are sharing your grief. To all of us who loved Jimmie the world will never again be quite so shining and gay and beautiful—with Jimmie gone. But Jimmie's spirit will be with us vividly and happily forever.

"To the end of my days I'll regret that I was unable to go to Black Duck with Jimmy; we were sort of planning for me to go up June 1st—after the furnace men were gone. I sat only two rows behind you yesterday at the service, but I was so blinded I only recognized you and June and Ginny.

"Doctor Thomas was inspired. His love and insight made it possible for him to know all the wonderful qualities that Jimmie possessed. There never was and never will be anyone like Jimmie. And you, Doctor, with your love and kindness and understanding, made it possible for Jimmie to develop his talents and his wonderful personality.

"We know how hard these days and weeks and months ahead will be for you, but we also know that the love of those near and dear to you, and the loving prayers of the hundreds and thousands of people whom you do not know, but who know you, will give you the strength to go on. We are sending our love and our prayers.

Doris and Harry."

Judge Fox wrote, too, from his Circuit Court Chambers in Janesville:

"There has hardly been time for me to realize that Jimmie has left us. It was just a little over a week ago that he 'blew in' as he always did when he came through Janesville on his way back from Vermilion.

"I excused my Jury and rushed home so that I could talk with him if only for a few minutes.

"It was characteristic of Jimmie that he had made a special trip over to Fox Point so that he could assure us that

everything is in good condition, and especially that our dock had survived the winter. Jimmie was a genius in the fine art of human relations. I shall always remember him for the delicacy of his perceptions and for his intuitive understanding of human reactions.

"Every occasion was a special occasion when Jimmie was present. We loved him as though he were our own. I am glad that I knew him and that he trusted me. I was deeply disappointed because I could not be at his funeral. Doris and Jimmie's good friend, Mrs. Ebbers, were there. I am sure that Jimmie wouldn't have wanted me to come at the cost of great inconvenience to other people who had not known him and who wouldn't have understood my feelings.

"Ray and Myrtle had lunch with us this noon on their way back from Chicago. We had a pleasant hour with them and you can understand that all of our thoughts were of the Bradley's and of Lake Vermilion.

"I know that Doris has written. She has taken it pretty hard. My hope is that you are still able to think of the future, as well as of the past, for I am sure that there is still more happiness ahead for you.

"Much love from your old friend, Harry."

* * *

Now we close the Mail Bag with two quotes from letters; the first, from a beautiful letter written by Minnie Lee Perolat:

"There was something awfully sweet about Jimmie, and spiritual. When he gave beautiful selections like the poem he gave Mother's Day, his face had a radiance—like a halo, like a little candle lighted inside—and no one will ever give 'The Prophet' like Jimmie."

And this final quote from Lillian A. Crededio:

"Try hard, dear precious Dr. Bradley, not to grieve too much for Jimmie, for he would not want you to, for I know that everything he did was to try to bring you joy, as he always did to others.

"May our Heavenly Father bless you and strengthen you as you labor in love for others.

Sincerely,

Lillian A. Crededio."

KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!



DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

MAY

- 1—Address. Kiwanis Club, Faust Hotel, Rockford, Ill.
Address. Student Assembly, East Senior High School, Rockford, Illinois.
- 2—Address. 10th Annual Dinner, Muskegon Conservation Club, Masonic Temple, Muskegon, Michigan.
- 3—Conference re Church matters.
Address. Wedgewood Room, Marshall Field & Co. Woman's Club of Peoples Church. Spring Luncheon.
Greeting to Oratorical Winners of Hearst Contest. Orchestra Hall.
- 4—Cut five records for summer Church broadcasts, WJJD.
- 5—Fifth Annual Luncheon. Robert S. Abbott Memorial Award.
Address. Temple Sholom. Lakeview Youth Rally.
- 6—Morning Sunday Service, Peoples Church.
Sermon. Wataga Congregational Church, Kewanee, Ill.
- 8—Address. Men's Club, Federated Church of Sycamore, Illinois.
- 9—Address. Borrowed Time Club. Oak Park, Illinois.
Board Meeting, Peoples Church.
- 10—Luncheon with Wm. Stanley Parker of Boston. Edgewater Beach Hotel.
Cut eight records for Church summer broadcasts.
Address. Chicago Library Club, Normandy House.
- 11—Invocation. Foster Parents Plan for War Children, Inc. Otto Eitel, Chrmn., Bismarck Hotel.
Reception for former Polish Consul. Guest of Robert H. McCormick.
Address. Church School Dinner, Anderson Hall, Peoples Church.
- 13—Morning Service. Peoples Church. Mother of the Year and Grandmother's Club present; also Students from Coyne Electrical School.

- Sermon. Warren Ave. Congregational Church. Annual Mother's Day visit.
- 14—Meeting. Chicago Public Library. Address. Award Dinner. U. S. Steel Co., Southmoor Hotel.
- 15—Lecture. Menasha High School Auditorium. Neenah, Menasha, Wisconsin.
- 16—Board Meeting. Peoples Church.
- 17—Address. Joliet Safety Council, Joliet YMCA.
- 18—Address. Annual Meeting. Community Child Guidance, Chicago Bar Association. Radio Conference, Bankers Life.
- 19—Conference with Charles Cleveland.
- 20—Morning Service. Peoples Church.
- 21—Conference at bank. Dinner conference.
- 22—Address. Lion's-Kiwanis-Rotary Luncheon. Surma's Restaurant, Homewood, Ill. Conference Aetna Ins. Co. Board Meeting. Peoples Church.
- 23—Hospital calls and other calls.
- 24—Hospital calls.
- 25—Invocation at dinner honoring Lillian Herstein. Address at commencement for Allied Institute of Technology in Second Presbyterian Church.

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- 9—William Billheimer
- 11—Thomas Osker
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- 12—Wilhelmina Heinold
- 16—Mrs. Anna Harnette
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- 5—Jean McLean and
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- 9—Florence Korngieble and
John Stocker
- 20—Alice K. Hammetta
and John James
- 26—Kay Petrick and
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